

90 pages
A C C O U N T

O F
The last hours
O F

F. Madan

Dr. PETER du MOULIN,

Minister of Gods Word, and Pro-
fessor of Divinity at SEDAN.

Who dyed in the said Town March 10.
1658. Style new.

Translated into English
Out of the French Copy printed at Sedan.

Numb. 27. 10.

Let me dye the death of the righteous, and let
my last end be like his.



O X F O R D,

F. MADAN

O X F O R D

Printed, by A. L. Printer to the Uni-
versity, for Rich. Davis, 1658.

An account
Of the last houres of
DR. PETER du MOVLIN

Minister of Gods word, and
Professor of Divinity at
SEDAN.

SINCE his great hurt by
a fall from his horse about
three yeares and a halfe
before his death he enjoy-
ed no health. Yet did he
not give over the exercise of his charges
either in the Church or in the Schooles,
and very seldome mist. preaching once
a weeke, and reading two Divinity
Lectures. All his life time he was much
given to devotion, but in that last sickly
time he was so extraordinarily taken
up with holy private exercises, that he
did almost nothing else but pray and
meditate. He kept to the last houre
that neatness of language wherein he

was so eminent, and the readinesse of his memory which afforded him matter of solid discourses upon any subject offered to him in questions,

Vpon Tuesday *Febr.* 26. he awaked in the morning so weake and opprest in his breast, that he thought himselfe not able to preach that day, yet taking heart, he was led and helpt up to the Church. Being got into the pulpit with much difficulty, he fainted, and some wine being brought to him, he would not taste it, chusing rather to expect Gods help, then to doe any thing which might seeme to border upon indecency. And he was not disappointed of his hope, for after he had read his text, which was *Pf. 16. 9. My flesh shall rest in hope,* he spake with more vigour then he had done of a long time before, and applied the doctrine to himselfe giving an account of his faith and hope to his hearers, taking his leave of them in a manner, and preaching his owne fune-
rall Sermon, as if he had a propheticall
oil *know-*

Knowledge that he spake the last time
to his people in the Church.

Vpon Thursday the last day of *Febr.*
he found his oppression so much in-
creased in the morning that there was
no small feare of a suddaine death. Be-
ing then visited by his colleagues who
prayed by him, he desired them to
remember him that day (which was a
Sermon day) in the prayers of the
Church. After the Sermon a great
company flock'd to him to bid him
farewell, and to receive his blessing. He
look'd upon them all, and spake to them
with much facility & presence of mind.
To such as he knew to be of an exem-
plary life he gave praises and encourage-
ments to vertue and piety. Those in
whose life he knew there was matter of
blame he would not in down-right
termes rebuke before that great compa-
ny, but going about in a discrete way
he would (adressing his speech to them)
commend those vertues that were op-
posite to their vices, and would say to
them that were somewhat given to

(tricks, that of all crafts, the master-craft was to be an honest man.

Seeing a blindwoman in the company he told her. You want the eyes of the body, but you have the eye of faith, penetrating as farre as heaven. You see not the light of the Sunne, but God will let you see the brightness of his face.

Then turning his eyes upon a Gentleman who was a Roman Catholique, he said, This is a worthy Gentleman, and speaking to him, he said, Sir, I suffer great paines, but God will have mercy upon me; I have many wayes offended him: Yet my conscience beares me witness that I never preach'd or writ any thing but what I beleev'd to be consonant unto the word of God.

Next, he applyed himselfe to his colleagues, and said, Fare you well, my Masters, I have that satisfaction in my mind, that I leave this Church in the hands of persons whom God hath endowed with great gifts, and above all, with an exemplary piety. I make no doubt but that you will carefully looke to the conduct of the flock

committed unto you. One of them having answered, The Lord grant, Sir, that we may imitate you, for you are that good servant who not only have not buried your Talent, but have very much improved it. You have done good service in your time, and your labours will live, and doe good when you are gone. He replied, *Ah Sir, you know not how much you grieve me by speaking so: for I have not done all the good that I should have done, & that little benefit which the Church hath reaped by my labour is not from me, but from the grace of God in me, as it is usuall with him to doe a good effect by a weake instrument, I am conscions to my selfe that I have neglected my duty in many things, and that I have offended my God; but I have loved his holy truth, and I hope in his mercy; He is my Father and my God, and Iesus Christ is my Saviour; Whosoever beleeveth on him shall not perish but have everlasting life.*

His friends told him that he did himself harme by speaking so much. It is true (said he) but I will dye glorifying God.

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The four or five first dayes of his sick-
ness he spent in expressions of deepe hu-
miliation. His prayers were vehement,
fervent, and full of penitent sorrow. He
acknowledged himselfe the greatest of
sinners, and the most unworthy of the
graces which he had received of God.
He abhorred his owne ungratefulness;
aggravating his faultes, and despising all
that others commended in him. Lord
(said he) I have done nothing but deser-
vet punishment. Thou hast heaped blef-
sings upon me, thou hast honored me with
a holy calling, but I have not laboured ac-
cording to the great worth of it; I have
mingled mine owne glory with thine, I
have often neglected thy service to seek
my particular interest; O how much self
love, how many perverse affections have
opposed the Kingdome of thy Son within
me! How many times have I grieved thy
good Spirit by a thousand idle thoughts
and carnall affections! But though it had
been but justice in thee to have crused me
in thy wrath, yet thou hast alwayes shewed
thy self a mercifull and gracious Father un-

to me. In very faithfulness thou hast afflicted me. Indeed thou hast sometimes beaten me with thy most terrible rods, thou hast hid thy face from me for a moment, but thou hast remembered me in thy great compassions.

His devout expressions suffered but little intermission, & his holy meditations none at all. For if sometimes he was kept silent by a drowzy fit one might see by the lifting up of his eyes & hands that his heart was with God. And every time that he resumed his discourse, it was evident that his speech was but the attendance of a longer meditation.

As when he began thus, Lord thou wilt do it, thou art faithfull in thy promises, I am thy creature, Thou hast led me, and taught me from my youth, O forsake me not in this last period of my life: Have mercy upon me, my God, my Father, have mercy upon me, O Lord hear, O Lord forgive, O Lord hearken and do, deferre not, for thine own sake, O my God; even for thy Sons sake, who hath loved me and hath given himself for me.

That

That meditation of Gods mercy he did much stretch himself upon, saying: *The mercy of God is infinite as himself no sin so great but maybe remitted. How great was Aarons sin that made the golden calf? How grievous that of David in the businesse of Uriah? And that of Salomon (whom God had so highly honoured) whose heart was seduced by the love of strange women to the abominable worship of false Gods; And yet God said of him, that if he brake Gods statutes and kept not his commandments, he would visit his transgression with the rod, and his iniquity with stripes, but neverthelesse he would not utterly take his loving kindnesse from him. Then making application to himself he cryed out, Thou wilt pardon me, even me also, O my God; Thou wilt deliver me from every evill worke, and save me into thy heavenly Kingdome. Let me dye the death of the righteous. Let me see thy face in righteousness. Let me taste those goods of which thou hast given me many foretasts. - O how happy a thing it is to live in Gods fear, and to dye in his peace!*

His

His sicknesse being violent and his paines sharp, one of the Ministers seeing how he suffered, bad him to be of good cheere, because the time of his deliverance drew nigh: *How welcome you are to me* (said the holy patient) *with that good news! Wellcome kind Death. O how happy shall I be to see my God, to whom my heart hath been of a long time aspiring! He will be mercifull to me. Pray to him that he perfect his worke in me. The feeling his pulse. It is intermittent* (said he) *and to another it would presage a sudden death, but my soul cleaves so fast to this wretched body, that it shall have much adoe to come out of it.*

Sometimes the violence of his pains extorted some complaints from him. *O Lord,* (said he) *lay not too heavy a hand upon thy poor servant. Thou hast sufficiently afflicted me to make me sensible of my sin. Then correcting himself he added. Nay, Lord, I am far from murmuring against thee; I have kept my self from that in my long trials. Why? I have deserved infinitely more then I suffer. Bruise this dust and ashes, my body; and*
save

save my precious soule. As miserable as I am, I would not exchange my condition with that of a King, while I hope in the grace of my God.

He would be entertained with good discourses, and delighted much that his friends should helpe him with those texts of Scripture which were the fittest to strengthen his faith and raise his hope : And when they began a text he would end it, and added something to it, or did illustrate it with some interpretation. As when one told him the words of Jacob, I have wayted for thy salvation, O God ; he said ; *Many of our Doctours by that salvation understand the temporall deliverances which Gqd did promise his people : but I will apply it to my self in the same sense as you take it.* When the words of the hymne of Zacharias were used to him of the tender mercy of our Lord whereby the day spring from on high hath visited us. He added presently. *Tea it is that Sun of righteousness with healing in his wings.* Likewise when he heard that text of P. 130.

I wayt for the Lord, my soul does wayt;
and in his word do I hope, he said;
that word is the promise of the Gospel that
whosoever, believeth in Jesus Christ hath
everlasting life, That is the word which
my soul doth wayt for.

He had very often the Ps. 51. in his
mouth, and insisted especially upon this
verse, *The sacrifices of God are a broken
spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, O
God, thou wilt not despise;* and then he
would say, *That sacrifice, O my God, I of-
fer unto thee; Thou knowest my heart;
and how it is bruised and wounded with
sorrow that I have offended thee. Forgive
me, my God, graciously forgive me all
my sins, deale with me as thou didst with
the poor Publicane, as with the humble
Canaanitish Woman, as with the converted
thief; O let me be this day with thee in
Paradise, crucifie the old man within
me, kill that man of sin which is too quick
and too strong, and raise me unto new-
nesse of life, that I may behold thy
face and be with my saviour Jesus Christ.*

He had a particular love for the holy

ly tongue; Seeing a Student that was learned in the same, he desired him to read before him some Psalmes in Hebrew: Then he began to reckon how many names were given to God in the Old Testament, making learned considerations upon each. Thus passing from one good discourse to another, he gave occasion to the Student to aske him whether he thought that Hebrew was the Language used in the Kindome of Heaven: *That is not revealed* (said the Doctor) *neither do I think that the Language of Heaven is known here in Earth; but I think that wee shall learn it in a moment when God shall be all in all, and that is that tongue of Angels which St. Paul mentions. This is as other things which God hath prepared for those that love him, things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which are not come into a mans heart.*

The next Lords day morning being visited by the Minister that was to preach in the morning, he desired him that for his sake the Congregation should

should sing the one and fiftieth Psalm; which he would often repeat with a profound humiliation; He had also the hundredth and thirtieth in his mouth very often, and the two and thirtieth.

Once having said the first and second Verses of that Psalm: *Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity and in whose Spirit there is no guile*, he added; "Thou knowest, Lord that in sincerity
 "and without guile I humble my self
 "before thy face: I am a miserable sinner and durst not lift up mine eyes towards thee, did I not trust both in thy
 "commandment and promise. Such as labour under the sense of their miseries are those whom thou callest, saying, Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will ease you. O then let me come unto thee.
 "Draw me Lord that I may run after thee: I am tyred, I am weary to be absent from my God. My soul thirsteth
 for

" for God, for the living God, when
 " shall I come and appear before God.
 " Alas! I am unworthy of it, for I am
 " conceived in sin; My whole life hath
 " been a continued transgression: yet
 " farre be it from me to doubt of his
 " power and faithfulness. When sin
 " aboundeth his grace aboundeth much
 " more. It is not for the righteous, but
 " for repenting sinners that he hath gi-
 " ven his Son; that whosoever believ-
 " eth on him should not perish but
 " have life everlasting. Lord I believe;
 " help thou my unbelief: Increase and
 " strengthen my faith: It is now weak
 " and small, but it is true and un-
 " fained; and stayeth upon Jesus Christ
 " onely: There is no salvation in any
 " other: he is the way, the truth, and
 " the life; None can come to the Fa-
 " ther but by him. Away with all other
 " intercessions; Away with all merits or
 " works; all our righteousnesses are but
 " pollutions. Ah my God! I have no
 " righteousness but thine, for I am con-
 " ceived in sin. I never did any work so
 good

“good but it needs pardon. Mercy,
 “Lord, Mercy, Pardon me my sins, Par-
 “don me my righteousnesses. Wash
 “me thoroughly from mine iniquity &
 “cleanse me from my sin. Purge me
 “with Hyssope, but let it be dipt in the
 “blood of the Lamb without blemish
 “and without spot, which taketh away
 “the sins of the world. Thou knowest,
 “Lord, that I have loved thy holy
 “truth, and that I have believed thy
 “promises. They are the joy of my
 “heart. They are the comforts which
 “have kept up my soul from being cast
 “down with sorrow; O God, perfect thy
 “work within me. Create in me a clean
 “heart, O God, and renew a right Spi-
 “rit within me. Restore unto me the
 “joy of thy salvation, and uphold me
 “with thy free Spirit.

When by too long a bending of his
 Spirit and voice he found himself, spent
 and constrained to intermit these eleva-
 tions, he would say or cause to be read
 before him some Psalmes and chose
 them himself, leaving out those verses

B

which

which were not for his present use. As when he said the 6. Psalm, he would goe no further then the 4. verse, *Return O Lord, deliver my soul, O save me for thy mercies sake*, then came to the 9. verse : *The Lord hath heard my supplication, the Lord will receive my prayer*, & then said, *All the rest of the Psalm is not for me ; For death is not my fear, but my joy and deliverance from a languishing life ; and I have no enemies.*

He that read Psalmes to him would also skip over that which was not for the Doctor's use. And if sometimes he did forget some text fit for his turne, he would presently take notice of it. As when the 31. Psalm was read to him, He said to the Reader, *you have omitted the fattest and most convenient text for me ; into thine hand I commit my Spirit ; Thou hast redeemed me O Lord God of truth: and you have omitted something about the 11. Verse : I left it out purposely (said the Reader) because you are not a reproach among your neighbours, nor a fear to your acquaintance,*

tance, neither do they that see you, flee from you. You see that all your Sheep are flocking about you, They blesse you and they crave your blessing. *I am* "not sorry (said the Doctor) That my "Ministry leaves a good savour after "me. I beseech God with all my heart "that he send faithfull labourers into "his harvest, which may do that holy "work better then I: O Lord I have not "been diligent as I should have been, "but I have obtained grace to be faith- "full. For with all the affection of my "heart I have studied to speak and to "defend the truth, and I have been "grieved with the affliction of the "Church. O Lord purifie her from all "scandall: Let her be blessed and let "not the adversaries of thy truth "triumph over her for ever.

So humble he was, and such a con-temner of himself, that he could not abide those that exprest before his face the great value which they set upon him, or said any thing to his commendation: And when they came out with

some praises, he rejected them with a kind of indignation. *Away (said he) with that flattery, pray to God that he have mercy upon me.*

His sicknesse was an inflammation of Lungs, with a burning Feaver, which redoubled every day at the same hour. Once comming out of a strong fit, which had handled him very sore, he said: *My God how weary, how tired I am! When shall I rest in thy bosome? When shall I be filled with the true goods? When shall I drink in the River of thy pleasures? I am unworthy of it, O my God! but thou art glorified by doing good to the unworthy. It is not for them that are whole, but for them that are sick that thy Son the great Physician was sent. Who so believeth on him is past from death to life.*

He was compassed about with his family and his chief friends. Every one comforted him according to his Talent. Being asked by one of them whether he did not perfectly hope in the grace of God which was presented to him. *I hope (said he) but not perfectly, yet as much*

much as I am able. I suffer now the pains of death : But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave for he shall receive me.

When some comfortable place of Scripture was brought to him, whereby he found himself strengthened, He would rise to embrace him that spake it, and being too weak to doe it, he would take his hand and kisse it, giving him some blessing, and saying, *It was the Spirit of God that spake by your mouth. The Lord blesse you and increase his graces in you.*

Another time after an exhortation which had affected him very much, he said, *These are excellent words. The Lord by his grace deeply print them in my heart.*

This text of Eph. i. was alleadged to him. Blessed be God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us in all spirituall blessings in heavenly places in Christ. He added the following verse, *According as he hath chosen us in him, before the foundation of the World.*

Sometimes he was in such a rapture, hearing them that spake to him of the excellency of that glory which he was going to possesse, that he opened his mouth and his eyes in an exsticall countenance pronouncing but few words with great intervalls between, as, O what is it to see Gods face in righteousness! O when shall I be satisfied with his kinnesse! *He had said and said*

Many times he would say these words of Psal. 36. *How excellent is thy loving kinnesse O God! Therefore the Children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatnesse of thy house, and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.* And these again, For with thee is the fountain of life, and in thy light shall wee see light. And out of the Psal. 67. *Blessed is the man whom thou choosest and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy Courts. Wee shall be satisfied with the goodnesse of thy house, even of thy holy Temple.*

Very often he would repeat the 27.

the 63. and the 71. *Psalm*. In the last staying especially upon these words: *O God thou hast taught me from my youth, and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works; Now also when I am old and gray-headed, O God forsake me not.*

No day past but he prayed for his Children both present and absent, saying. *The Lord blesse them, and give them his peace, his love, and his fear.*

Every hour his family did look that he should expire, but he examining his pulse would say, *You shall see me very sick, but I shall not so soon dye.*

The four first dayes of his Sicknesse he spake both day and night with little intermission; So that it is impossible exactly to follow the fluency of his discourse and the fervency of his expressions, especially in his prayers. So much wee relate here as wee his diligent hearers can remember, for all this was spoken before many and worthy witnesses that resorted to him to hear him, and to learn to dye. But the six last dayes of his sicknesse he was for the

most part of the time in a deep slumber, against which he did earnestly strive. *Prick me*, said he. *Now I should watch. It is not time now to sleep but to dye. Watch and pray* (said my saviour) *that you enter not into temptation. O great God, abandon me not to mine infirmities, but so preserve and keep up my Spirit that I may glorifie thee even when I am a dying.*

And though after such expressions he fell presently into his slumber, one might see by his gestures, and by the words which he spake now and then, that one might say of him as the spouse said of her self, He was asleep, but his heart waked. He open'd his eyes, He lift up his hands, He said often *Lord be mercifull to me, Be gracious to me.* Even when he seemed to be deep asleep he would come out with five or six words, which shewed what his mind was set upon. *Death* (said he) *is swallowed up in victory.* And a good space after: *It is the gift of God* ——— *It is my hope* ——— *It is my comfort.*
Some-

Sometimes the same thing came often to his mind and mouth. For a whole day he would say every time that he awaked : *The Word was made flesh.*

When he was too long without speaking his friends were carefull to awake him , to know whether he had sense and knowledge still. Being awaked he was asked whether he did lift up his soul unto God. He answered *Yes , incessantly.* He was asked again whether he would be glad to go to God : O (said he) *when shall I see him, that good God!*

He was not much troubled with his slumber in the morning from seven to nine , because then his fever was lesse, which used to redouble about nine. In that intervall he would speak with facility. That intervall was husbanded to comfort him and to pray by him. He would then hearken to prayers with great attention and to all the good things that were said to him : And it is observable that in this his sickness he was lesse deaf then he had been ten years before. Many

Many times he would feel his pulse,
 “and then said : O what a grief is this?
 “I cannot dye. Good God have mer-
 “cy upon me; Set my soul free. I am
 “weary of being absent from my God.
 “I desire to depart and to be with
 “Christ. O my God, come fetch me,
 “shorten the dayes of my combat. Let
 “me dye I beseech thee. Into thy
 “hands I commend my Spirit, for thou
 “hast redeemed me. O Lord God of
 “truth.

His Chamber was full of people day
 and night. Once opening his eyes after a
 slumber he said : *Here is a great com-
 pany.* One answered him. Sir they are
 your Sheep that desire you to call for
 Gods blessing upon them.

*The Lord bleſſe them (ſaid he) and
 give them his fear and the promiſed ſal-
 vation.*

The two laſt dayes of his ſickneſſe ad-
 ded to his burning fever and deadly
 ſlumber contractions of ſinews, and
 convulſions. Every hour was thought
 to be his laſt. None look'd to hear him
 ſpeak

speak any more. All his friends thought
 that his deep sleep would end in that of
 death. But about midnight he opened
 his eyes and said to one of them that
 stood by : *I shall soon be eased , I am go-*
ing to my Father and my God : He hath
heard me indeed. And soon after : *I go*
to him with confidence for he hath arrayed
me with his robe. Then being raised in-
 to an unexpressible rapture he said , *I*
see him , and with an exclamation ,
O how beautifull he is. Being thus exalted
 in Spirit far above the world, although
 he was alwayes tenderly affected to-
 wards his family, he said to them that
 were there present, putting them far
 with his hand . *I renounce all earthly af-*
fections. I will no more love any thing
in the World but thee , O God , who
dost alone possesse me. After these words
 he continued a good while in that ho-
 ly rapture causing more edification in
 all the standers by which his counte-
 nance without words, then with all the
 words which he had spoken before. His
 eyes were clear and sparkling, his mouth
 open

open and panting after the living God. His armes stretcht up to heaven , and his body striving wonderfully to rise, as it were to meet and to embrace that *beautifull* object of his love. All that were present wisht that God would receive him in that happy instant. But his hour was not yet come.

All the next day , which was Saturday the ninth of March, he struggled with the agony of death , being tormented with frequent convulsions, and still fighting the good fight by faith, humility and patience. Towards the evening the tokens of his approaching death made his assistants to double their endeavours to comfort him. He understood all that was said to him, and shewed holy elevations in his prayer , he gave thanks to those that prayed, saying, *the Lord hear you, and the Lord blesse you.*

When he heard the glory at hand extolled in some emphatical termes of Scripture, he returned into his former raptures. And once more he pronounced

ced those words of Psal. 17. *I shall be satisfied with thy likeness when I awake.* And twice or thrice *Come Lord Jesu, come, come, Lord Jesu, come.* And for the last time that text which he loved so much, *He that believeth in Jesus Christ shall not perish, but have everlasting life.* Then a little after : *Lord Jesu receive my spirit.* He that comforted him said to him : Sir you shall see your Redeemer with your eyes. To which he answered with an effort, laying his hand over his heart, *I believe it.*

That was the last intelligible word which he pronounced, though he made yet great efforts to make himself understood, and was a quarter of an hour speaking with a fervent affection ; But the fleames that filled his throat and palate suffered not the assistants to understand any of his words.

After this he was half an hour without speaking, yet without loosing sense and knowledge. His friends made the last prayer, during which he did perpetually lift up his eyes and hands to heaven.

heaven. And some moments after he quietly gave up the last breath, dying with peace and joy visible on his face. It was half an hour after midnight, the tenth of March 1658. in the four-score and tenth year of his age.

FINIS.

